

Periodical
EXTRA

Consumers' guide

June 1943



am a consumer

I am a consumer

I work in a tank plant. I farm 80 acres. I work in an office. I clerk in a store. I am a brakeman on a railway. I am a stock broker. I drive a truck or a taxi. I practice in the courts of law. I raise cotton on shares. I am a Member of Congress. I mine coal.

I am a young housewife. I am a high-school senior. I am the wife of a soldier. I am a homemaker for my husband and 5 children, oldest 16 years. I am a secretary. I am the mother of a bomber pilot.

I live on every highway and byway. I live on every main street. I live in the trailer camps, in the suburbs, on the boulevard. I live along country roads, in clapboard shacks near munitions plants, in mansions and in tenement houses. I know no lines of race, creed, or color.

I once went my own special way. I bought the ice boxes and the radios—the hats, the stockings, and the pork chops—where I pleased, and according to my own taste, and size of my pocketbook.

Today, I, the consumer who once believed everyone had a responsibility toward me, now have a duty to the war equal to the men at the front.

I have wartime power that outranks admirals and generals.

I can say "yes" or "no" to the cry of our soldiers on the battle lines for munitions and food.

I can decide whether our Allies get the meat and bread they need to fight our own cause.

I can say, in a word, whether high prices will reduce the value of my pay envelope.

It's my power to tell whether the War Bonds I have bought keep their value in purchasing power.

I can decree by the way I market for the most nutritious foods whether we have healthy people or sickly people.

I can lose the war and all it stands for or I can win it.

I stopped by my corner grocer. He operates 1 of 10 shops within a radius of 300 yards. He could look out from both windows of his store and see small cramped homes housing busy people. Two flat dwellings, some old homes turned into rooming houses, and up the street a settlement of new apartment buildings with the yellow brick and mortar hardly dry. For the past few years he competed with the neighborhood stores and had done a good business along with the rest of them.

I dropped in last Monday morning just as two men were putting down a barrel be-

hind the counter. The storekeeper paid them \$8.42, and the men departed.

Al opened the barrel; it was full of chickens, freckled with pinfeathers.

"You didn't get that barrel of chickens for \$8, Al?" I asked.

Al acted mysterious. I bought a loaf of bread and went out.

That evening after work I came by for a chicken. Chickens were unrationed, and Al had about 20 stacked up in a showcase well filled with other meats. He told me chickens were 60 cents a pound and that he would not draw them. I didn't

think I wanted chicken and told him. I stood by, examining the price ceiling card which Al was displaying obscurely behind the scale. It said, "Fryers 42-43."

The store filled up. A man in working pants and a leather jacket, holding the hand of an extra active little girl of four or five, asked Al for a chicken. Al threw it on the scale; it weighed 2½ pounds. Al said it was \$1.38. "Pretty high, isn't it?" said the man.

"I don't know—might be! Want it?"

The consumer took out his pocketbook, removing a \$5 bill and two ones, the contents of his wallet. He cast a melancholy eye on the money, hopelessly laid two one-dollar bills on the counter.

While Al was wrapping the chicken, the man muttered to himself as much as to me, "It doesn't do much good to earn seven bucks a day, does it?—when chicken with the head on costs you 60 cents a pound."

"Why didn't you look at the price ceiling?" I asked him.

"What good does that do?" he asked. "I'd have to walk a mile to find a store that had a chicken selling within the price ceiling."

This consumer was taking 20 percent—a dollar out of every five he made—from his pay envelope. He was doing it by not demanding that the merchant hold to the ceiling price.

"How come Al?" I asked. "You only paid \$8.42 for a barrel of chickens and charge 60 cents a pound."

Then he explained. "I buy a barrel of chickens at the wholesale market and pay the regular price for them. When they deliver them they asked me for \$8 extra. That means it keeps the books of the black market clear on each sale. But they will not deliver the goods until I pay them the extra price. That's what you saw me doing when they delivered the goods."

"Why," I asked, "do you stand for that shakedown and raise the price of chickens?"

Al shrugged his shoulders. "If I don't do it, my customers will go to somebody who does." Al laid it all on the consumers.



Black market

Young Ella Smith stormed into the house, threw a scrawny bundle of groceries on the table, and burst into tears.

Joe, her husband, was washing the grime of the factory off his hands, and he came into the kitchen, wiping them, to find out the trouble.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked. Who did you dirt? I'll beat 'em up."

"That grocer!" she flared. "The one down on the block. I went in to buy a steak; I wanted so much to make you a good dinner. I think it was because I looked at his ceiling prices that he wouldn't sell me one. He saw me over in the corner, reading them, before I asked for a steak."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Don't you see? He doesn't want to sell to people who look at ceiling prices."

"Doesn't make sense," said Joe.

"Oh, but it *does* make *dollars*," fumed Ella, in a rage. "I stood there, and heard him tell me he had no steak, and then a man came in and whispered something to him, and he went into his ice box and pulled out a T-bone steak. He didn't even take any ration tickets for it."

"Look," I said to the butcher, "you said you had no steak, and now you are selling some steak. How come?"

"The man ordered it in advance. All our steak is bought before we even get it."

"Then order me some for tomorrow."

"Sorry, lady, I don't know whether I'll be able to get any tomorrow."

"But you're going to get it for other people?" I said.

"That's right," the butcher had the nerve to say, "They can afford to pay for it."

"I can pay your prices, marked on the ceiling price card, over there," I told him.

"This meat is better than the meat those ceiling prices were figured out for. It costs more."

"But I thought the Government put ceiling prices on all meat."

"Sure," said the butcher, "Sure, sure."

"Will you take my order?"

"If you can pay the price."

"I won't pay any black-market prices for meat!" I told that grocer. "You won't get meat, then," he said."

Joe had finished wiping his hands, and now he was rolling up his sleeves. "We're going back and give that guy a black eye, so he'll have to use his black-market steak to poultice it."

But Ella's rage had subsided. "No, Joe," she said. "That isn't the way. That's not going to solve it. But what *is* the way?"

That was a straight black market. The customers who bought the steak paid a stiff price but sacrificed no tickets.

Meat taken out of regular channels of trade to go on the black market is meat that soldiers and sailors don't get. It is meat that war workers who abide by the rule go without and so lessen production of essential materials. The consumer who buys it that way is a saboteur.

Careless housewife

Once more it's the grocery store. Margaret Jones hurries in at 4:30 from the movies. Dinner must be ready at 6.

The tags on canned goods are high—both price and points. There are no points on vegetables and dry beans. Margaret has points in her book. She has her choice among fresh vegetables, potatoes, hamburger, poultry, and a good soup bone. But there's no time for preparing vegetables for soup, none to make a meat loaf with the hamburger.

Jane Peters who works in the munitions plant from 7 to 4, is shopping, too. She looks weary, after 9 hours at her bench, but determined, too. "I want a pound of veal and a pound of pork for meat loaf," she tells the butcher. "Grind it fine.

And I want carrots—they're cheap and good. And spinach."

"When do you have time to cook?" wonders Margaret, balancing a can of spaghetti, and a tin of corned beef.

Jane's look takes in the cans. "You're going to run out of points before the month is up," she warns Margaret. "I couldn't give my husband that kind of food. He wouldn't be able to stand up to his job in the steel mills. He needs good meat, fresh vegetables, milk and eggs and cheese—not just starchy spaghetti."

Margaret shrugs. "It's all I have time to fix, it takes so long to get waited on at the store these days." She rushes home, opens her cans, and puts her meal on.

"We've been invited to the Price's to play bridge tonight," she tells her husband. But he doesn't want to go. He complains of a headache. He goes to bed early.

"Bill," she says to her son, "you'll have to help me fix these tin cans for the salvage drive."

"Aw gee, Mom, I'm tired."

"You're always tired," his mother sighs.

"Well, what if I am? Whataya want to buy canned stuff for anyway, in the summer? They wouldn't have to salvage so much tin, if you didn't buy so much."

A worried look comes into Margaret's eyes. Big Bill and little Bill were never so cross. Is it war nerves?

Or is it those fresh fruits and vegetables she passed up at the store? Is that what they need?

What has she done?

Margaret has not only taken needed tin from use in essential war effort. She has brought to her family an unbalanced meal that leaves them wanting, no matter how well it tastes, in food values required to make them healthy.

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I am a consumer. I live on every highway and byway. I can move into the front lines of the home front by watching price ceilings, challenging black markets, keeping an alert eye on all shopping lists.



Radford does a town-sized job

The better-eating program underway "full steam ahead" in one of Virginia's busy war towns is a plan your own community could follow

IN CASE you've never heard of Radford, it's a town where homemakers are buying more leafy green vegetables these days. Where fifth-graders score their own Victory school lunches. Where high-school boys get up half an hour earlier to eat a good breakfast. Where there is a case on record of a 4-year-old boy who asked his mother to fix some good yellow squash.

This is the story of Radford's town-wide better-eating campaign.

Like many another Virginia city, Radford is a war town. Powder bagged in Radford makes big guns talk. Radford's foundry works around the clock. Radford's ribbon factory now is making something more warlike than silken streamers. And, as before the war, Radford is a railroad center and the home of one of the State teachers colleges. Geographically, Radford sits high in the Allegheny Mountains of southwestern Virginia. The New River, that curves in toward town, drains, by way of the Ohio, into the Mississippi.

Today, Radford citizens figure time from the big boom that started over a year and a half ago with the beginning of construction of two powder plants north of town. In a few months the population jumped from about 6,000 to nearly 25,000.

Now that the count has settled to about 12,000, Radford citizens can speak calmly of those seam-splitting days when some beds took three shifts of sleepers in 24 hours. But even from their matter-of-fact descriptions, you can easily reconstruct the confusion that was Radford then.

War workers more often than not spent their first night in town on the hard wooden benches of the Norfolk & Western depot—got up early to knock from door to door to find shelter.

Radford homes took boarders, roomers, or both. High-school girls put up as many as 30 to 40 workingmen's lunches each morning before they went to school. But even though the town did its hospitable best, quarters were so cramped that home to some 80 hard-working construction men was a basement with a dirt floor, makeshift wooden bunks with

straw mattresses. Others spent the winter in tents or trailers.

To Radford's five elementary schools and the high school came children from all over the United States. Many, changing from a 12-grade system to Radford's 11-grade one, spent the first days of the term locating themselves in the right grade. It took one high-school girl two months to discover she was repeating herself.

Things are more settled now. Construction workers have moved on—defense families have moved into the finished new houses. But Radford still is bustling. Mothers as well as fathers work at the powder plants. Children in the upper elementary grades or high school are responsible for many a family meal when mother is on the night shift.

Radford's nutrition committee

Ask Radford's man on the street about the town's Nutrition Committee and you'll likely get one of those I'm-a-stranger-here-myself answers. But whether they know it or not, there are few Radfordites who haven't been reached in one way or another through the efforts of the 13 volunteers who make up the committee.

Represented on the committee are the grocery stores, the restaurants, the college, the public schools, welfare department, public health department, and homemakers, both white and Negro. It's their job to coordinate—that is, to harmonize and bring to common action all the programs of all the agencies in town that can promote better eating.

Members of this committee would be the last to claim their efforts 100 percent successful. But visit the public schools, the eating houses, the grocery stores—in these flash backs of Radford's past year—and you see the progress they're making.

Miss Jonnie Gore speaking

"Eating a good lunch—and every bit that's on your plate—is just as patriotic as saluting the flag."

Miss Gore is talking to her 33 fifth-graders in Belle Heth School. She's not

doing all the talking, though, for that's not the way she teaches. It's just after noontime and the children have their desks in an informal semicircle facing the blackboard. There's an undercurrent of excitement, for Miss Gore has just announced that today they're all going to score their lunches. Miss Gore does this at least once a month with no warning.

On the board she has written the score card:

Milk	40
Plate lunch	35
Sandwich	20
Soup	35
Fruit for dessert	25
Ice cream	10
Popsicle	5

A Victory Lunch is one that scores 100 points or more.

With this score card the children who bring their lunches can check their eating as well as the children who eat in the lunchroom, which Miss Gore supervises. She sees to it that the plate lunch really is worth 35 points. Children who bring their lunches from home may supplement them with milk bought at school.

David who ate today's plate lunch—macaroni and cheese, cabbage, apple and carrot salad, hot buns—with prunes, and a glass of milk—easily gets 100.

As the fifth-graders practice their arithmetic and learn basic nutrition facts scoring lunches, Miss Gore works in a note on the clean-plate campaign being carried on in all the 5 schools. She reports that the 72 children, who ate in one sitting today, left less than a quart of wasted food. There has been a sharp cut in plate waste in the past months. One reason: All eaters, when they finish, scrape what's left into a common pan—see for themselves how a little on each plate swells the total. Time was when the same 72 students scraped away well over a gallon of good food at one lunch.

All of the seven grades of Belle Heth School learn about good eating and less waste—not as a separate school course—but along with their regular work.

Seventh-grade girls help the one cook prepare lunches, another shift helps clean up afterward. The older boys do some of the buying for Miss Gore. They've learned to bring back carrots instead of snap beans if the beans don't come up to Miss Gore's standards of freshness or are too high in price.

Every teacher in all Radford's 5 elementary schools teaches some nutrition. Many keep a record of Victory Lunches—a star for each 100-point lunch and a big V for every 17 of them. Some of the younger children score their lunches daily, weigh themselves monthly—keep track of their weight gains or losses.

"You don't have to be an expert to teach nutrition or any other subject," Miss Ida Einstein, elementary school supervisor, tells the teachers. But you do have to have faith that you can do it—know where to get the right kind of teaching materials.

That's where the Nutrition Committee comes in. It provides every teacher in the five elementary schools with such simple teaching materials as the Victory Lunch score card, standards for an adequate lunch, and monthly bulletins of pertinent information.

And the teachers in the schools who, like Miss Gore, do the buying and planning for the school lunches meet once a month with two members of the committee, Beth Jordan and Farah Rust, home economics teachers in the high school. Proposed menus for the next month are discussed and amended, if necessary. Miss Rust, in

charge of the school nutrition program, also sees to it that recipes are furnished for foods that are currently in greatest supply.

Stephen Adams wars on waste

It's last winter and Mr. Stephen Adams, proprietor of the Busy Bee Cafe in East Radford, is putting the usual three thick slices of bread on a small plate. On the stools across the counter sit hard-working he-men in grimy overalls and mud-spattered work suits. At the tables for four back of the stools sit more men. And back in the booths, there are more.

All have three slices of bread. Steve is thinking of the pile of half slices he had to throw away yesterday—and the day before—and the days before that. Steve is thinking, too, of his native Greece. Steve remembers friends he left there back in 1920 and thinks how welcome even that leftover bread would be to them. Steve knows a country at war cannot afford to waste food.

But Steve can't tell all this to his patrons. It's too long a story. And anyway he knows what they'd say. They paid for the meal didn't they? And haven't three slices of bread always been included in the price? Steve worries.

Steve is also a member of the Nutrition Committee. At the next meeting he speaks his thoughts. The Committee listens and considers. They've spoken of food waste before. They have started antiwaste campaigns in the schools. But this is something different. You can't get grown

men to add up Victory Lunch points or scrape their waste into a saucepan.

Farah Rust reports that one of the most noticed of the high school's antiwaste efforts were window displays that showed how the food wasted at one noon meal would feed so many soldiers. Perhaps something on that order could be worked out—maybe an eye-catching poster.

Result: 40 posters on antiwaste went into the public eating houses of Radford—in drug stores, restaurants, hotels. Posters were made by home economics students in the college. It was part of their training in community servicing.

Of course, the posters didn't change Radford's eating-out habits overnight. But there was much comment on the posters and Steve thinks his patrons may be wasting a little less bread. The campaign isn't over by any means. Beth Jordan, committee chairman, Steve, and Mrs. Emily Garnar, of the college home economics department, have it on their lists of things to get done this year.

Mrs. J. W. Smith, block leader

"Drive slowly. This is the home of 270 children." So says the sign at the entrance to Sunset Village in West Radford where Mrs. J. W. Smith lives. This is one of the new housing projects—more than 100 detached four- and five-room houses now settled by defense workers.

Mrs. Smith's husband is a carpenter at the powder plant. The Smith's daughter and son-in-law live with them, work at the



Checking up on lunches and weight in Miss Jonnie Gore's fifth-grade room. Today's lunch included fruit, rates 25 extra points.



Leftovers like this started Steve Adams' war on waste. Here Hope Lindsey, college student, leaves Steve a helpful poster.



Negro class learns about "vitamins and stuff" in adult Red Cross nutrition course held Thursdays in Radford's Fairview School. Farah Rust is teaching as she chops cabbage.

powder plant. Mrs. Smith keeps house for all of them.

But Mrs. Smith has time for her war work, too. She and 200 other women are the backbone of the block-leader set-up now well-organized in Radford. When there is information that the Government wants to get into every home, Mrs. Smith slips on her hat and coat and makes some 20 neighborly calls on the women in her "block."

When she knocked on the door of Mrs. Mark Cross last February, Mrs. Smith had point-rationing facts firmly in her mind, and helpful printed information firmly in her hand.

As she sat in Mrs. Cross's living room, exactly like her own except for furnishings, Mrs. Smith passed the time of day and then talked point rationing. She offered Mrs. Cross a sheet of buying tips and a sample market plan for a week's buying. The plan was worked out for a family of two adults and two children, but Mrs. Smith showed Mrs. Cross how she could adapt it to her family of three.

That suggested plan was worked out by the Radford Nutrition Committee back in January when members looked ahead to point rationing and saw that family meals might suffer unless women were helped to use their points to best advantage, keeping

diets well-balanced in spite of shortages of certain foods.

The Nutrition Committee considers the block-leader system one of its best ways of getting their information across to every home. For Radford is a scattered town. Norwood Street—its main thoroughfare—stretches a good 5 miles from east to west. Many a Radford mother with several children can't easily get away to meetings and demonstrations. In some sections of town, they send children out to do the bulk of the grocery buying.

Recently, in an effort to find just what sort of information the women wanted and could use, each block leader was asked to make a survey as she went about her regular point-rationing and Victory Garden visits.

Of the 2,112 families called on, 1,178 liked the simple market plans provided on the point-rationing visit, 807 wanted easy-to-read short bulletins, 324 wanted additional help in nutrition classes, and 327 wanted classes in canning and other ways of saving food. Last year, 1,256 of them had a vegetable garden and 1,482 will have one this year.

From this report, the Nutrition Committee takes its cue as to the type of material that will be the most useful on the next visit of the block leader.

Every Thursday night

"It's like starting to school all over again," says Mrs. Willie Hines, Negro homemaker of Radford.

It's the third meeting of the Red Cross adult nutrition class held for 2 hours every Thursday night at the new Fairview school. Tonight Farah Rust is doing some extra-curricular teaching. She and two college home economics seniors are having a demonstration class on vegetable cooking.

Besides Mrs. Hines there's Charlotte Clark who's interested in finding out about the "vitamins and all that"—nurses, maids, a minister, grade school teachers, and high school students—35 altogether. There are several children present, too—among them 7-year-old "Pud" Alexander, "who can fry the best potatoes."

Miss Rust is chopping up the cabbage, preparing a raw apple and cabbage salad that saves all the good food value in both. As she chops she talks—asks questions. Soon the whole class has something to offer. She works the discussion around to the importance of fixing food attractively.

"That's right, Miss Teacher," seconds a homemaker in the third row. "If it don't look good, they don't eat it."

Then Miss Rust cooks some cabbage—warns of loss in food value from overcooking. By adroit questioning and discussion, Miss Rust gets the information across—how you can cook cabbage with foods that take longer cooking by adding the cabbage at the last. She tells of ways to vary cabbage if you serve it often.

So goes the demonstration class. Finally, the class tastes the food—and adjourns until next Thursday when the problem will be how to pack a healthful, hearty workingman's lunch.

This class is a result also of last January's Nutrition Committee meeting when it was decided to offer a series of standard nutrition courses to at least 50 Radford women.

Gay drinks her milk

It's last summer. In Arnheim, one of the town's three oldest residences that is now the high school home economics house, 15 nursery school children are having lunch.

No one knows it—but history is being made at Arnheim today. For Gay is drinking milk. At home she won't touch it. But Gay sees Richard and Conley and Keith all drinking it. It seems to be the thing to do. So Gay drinks it and finds it not bad at all.

So did Bobby start to eat potatoes. So did Richard learn to like squash so well he asked his mother to buy some. So did all the children learn to eat what was set before them.

By being firm with the children—making little fuss at mealtimes, giving them small portions of new foods with strange tastes—Beth Jordan taught good nutrition to children who couldn't even spell food. Beth Jordan is chairman of the Nutrition Committee and she knows that you can't start too soon when it comes to nutrition education.

Saunders grocery store

Students who go to Radford State Teachers College learn more than teaching. They learn by practice in Radford how to reach the communities in which they will one day teach. You find them all over town.

One of their best examples is friendly M'Ledge Moffett, dean of women and head of the college home economics department. Dean Moffett is a power in Radford. Known or unknown she has a hand in most all community undertakings. She was first chairman of the Nutrition Committee, is still an active member. She is chairman of Radford's OCD civilian War services.

A favorite among Dean Moffett's classes is her junior home economics course in

community servicing. This class as part of their home work has helped out in nearly every phase of Radford's nutrition program. They teach in Radford schools—help out in lunchrooms—gain experience in the nursery school. They help train block leaders and help teach adult nutrition courses. They prepare menus and market orders used in Radford's Welfare Department. They keep up to date with Radford.

This spring, they studied wartime food control and rationing. To see what they did about it, let's visit Saunders Grocery Store.

It's Monday, March 1, 1943—first day of the blue stamps. C. C. Saunders, tall, lean proprietor, is waiting on his customers. His is a small community store and canned goods make up the major part of his stock in trade.

Women come in about their business of buying—women from several blocks away with coats on over their house dresses.

In comes Mrs. A. W. Snider with her six ration books—one for herself, one for her son, one for her husband—and three for boarders. As Mrs. Snider looks over the canned goods, she seems puzzled.

Rheda Dalton approaches Mrs. Snider in a friendly manner. Rheda is a college junior—and it's part of her community servicing class work to stay in this store all afternoon, to be a ration "explainer."

Rheda asks Mrs. Snider if her block leader has visited her, and if she has clipped from the paper the table of point values. The answer to both questions is "yes," but Mrs. Snider still welcomes a little help.

Mrs. Snider remarks that point values are a lot higher than she thought they would be. Rheda suggests that since they are, she may want to look over the way the college seniors have arranged blue-stamp foods in order of the food value they supply. Dried beans, for instance, she points out will yield about three times as many servings per pound as canned beans.

Mrs. Snider considers the list, asks for a copy. She invests in some dry beans and some fresh carrots and decides to go home and study a little on her point budget. Rheda helps her tear out her stamps to best advantage.

Reports turned in by the 62 girls who served as explainers show that most women were overcautious at first, spent practically no points the first day. Some of them acted on the suggestions of the explainers. Others were too busy to listen.

But that, Dean Moffett tells her class, is what you must expect and learn to deal with. You have to reach all sorts of people in all sorts of ways. You have to take them as they are, start from there.



Explaining rationing in C. C. Saunders' Grocery Store. Rheda Dalton, college student "explainer," helps Mrs. A. W. Snider budget her points. Jimmy Moore learns too.



Children take an interest in Radford family meals. Many do the food buying.

Banish those bugs!



THE BUGS are back. The battle's on. In every house, every back yard, every vacant lot, every heretofore unused fertile plot, it's time to fire the first shot. True, it will come from a sprayer and not from a gun, but every bullet—that's each ounce of insecticide—must count. That's because the chemicals from which they're made are fighting other foes as well as bugs . . . fighting for freedom.

In spite of this, there'll be enough for farmers and for your green-growing Victory Garden.

How are we going to stop the two-pronged insect invasion—indoors and out? Fortunately, there are plenty of what-to-do-about-it rules. Of prime importance is the one that goes like this: Know thy enemies. For, if you don't know them you can't fight them. Bulletins issued by your own State Department of Agriculture will help you, as will your local county agricultural agent.

After a bit of booklet poring you'll find these pests fall into three groups: chewing insects, sucking insects, and those that hide out of sight. The chewers are those that bite off plant tissue, often leaving it riddled with holes. Among these invaders are caterpillars, worms, beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, and maggots.

Chewers

One of the most common of this group, the cutworm, feeds at night and coils up during the day on rubbish or in the soil at the base of the plant. When you find plants in your garden that have been bitten off near the ground, you can be sure these bugs have been at work.

Tomato and cabbage transplants can be protected by placing a cardboard collar around the plants immediately after transplanting. This collar should be the size of a postcard folded in the form of a cylinder stuck about 2 inches deep in the ground and about 1 inch from the base of the plant. It should protrude about 2 inches above the soil. If cutworms are excessively abundant, they can best be com-

bated with poison bran mash, made of 1 pound of sodium fluosilicate or paris green to 25 pounds of wheat bran, scattered on the soil near the plants in the late afternoon or early evening.

Tar paper or tar felt disks about 6 inches in diameter fitted around the bases of plants belonging to the cabbage family are good protection against the cabbage maggot.

Chief cabbage enemy is the cabbage caterpillar. This bug can be killed by spraying the plant with calcium arsenate, cryolite, paris green, or barium fluosilicate before the heads begin to form. After the heads start to form use pyrethrum in order to avoid leaving a harmful residue on the finished product.

Another chewing insect is the European corn borer. It causes stalks to break or wilt, or both. The breaking over of corn tassels is one of the signs of the presence of this pest. Sometimes these borers can be controlled by cutting them out of the plant. Rotenone used at exactly the right stage of development of the plant will also kill them.

Corn-ear worms lay their eggs on corn silk. As soon as they appear, dust the silk with two parts of calcium arsenate to one part of sulfur.

White grubs are injurious to corn, too, and they also infest potatoes. The best way to avoid infestation by this insect, which has all its legs near its head, is not to plant on freshly turned sod. Plow or dig over just before freezing weather.

For flea beetles, Bordeaux mixture, commonly used to combat plant diseases, is an effective remedy. Land plaster and hydrated lime are also good.

Next control method is not for the squeamish. It's hand-picking of large insects such as the horn worm, the corn-ear worm, the Colorado potato beetle, and the Mexican bean beetle. This method is fine for Victory Gardens because it reduces the cost of insect control, and avoids the possibility of any harmful residue being left on the plants.

Sucking insects are another worry for the green gardener. They are particularly dangerous to a truck crop because they suck the plant juices and spread virus diseases, like mosaic, for which there is no control. Wage war on these bugs with a spray of nicotine sulfate and soap.

One of the members of this group is the plant lice, or aphis. Because they are very small and usually found on the under side of leaves, sprays are the best means of control.

Then there are leaf hoppers. These small, very narrow insects are also found on the under side of leaves and usually hop away when disturbed. They are exceedingly hard to kill. For them, the best insecticides are Bordeaux mixture or sulfur dust.

Although they resemble beetles, plant bugs are sucking insects. Among their number are the harlequin bug, squash stink bug, and the tarnished plant bug. They can be killed when young with nicotine sulfate and soap.

Secret agents

The insects that hide or work out of sight are some of the most difficult to get rid of. Onion thrips belong to this class. Since they are very minute and hide in plant crevices, they are hard to reach with spray or dust. A white, chainlike mark on the leaf surface is a sign they've been at work, and badly injured plants turn white. Treat with a spray of nicotine sulfate and soap.

Another secret agent is the root aphis. It infects corn and other plants and is carried to the roots by ants who make their burrows near the plants. It's a good idea not to wait for the plant to wilt; if there's an ant nest nearby use ant bait. Any good dealer in insecticides has it.

Ammunition for the battle

Chief thing to remember is, waste for you means want for somebody else. Use every bit carefully, but be prepared. If your materials are ready the battle is half won.

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Have a sprayer and duster handy, of adequate size for your garden, as well as the insecticides themselves. For a 50-foot row allow 2 quarts of liquid spray or 2 ounces of dust for treatment. And if the enemy catch you napping, a soap solution made up of 3 pounds of a good grade of laundry soap which does not contain naphtha, to 50 gallons of water is much better than no bug-banisher at all.

Remember, too, a healthy plant escapes many difficulties. Plant only those that are disease-free, treated seeds, and disease-resistant varieties. Rotate your crops. If you had a Victory Garden last year, don't grow the same things on the same strip of ground. Destroy the safe refuge of many an insect by not only keeping your garden free from weeds, but the environs free as well. After each crop is harvested during the season, gather up leaves and plant debris and burn all infected material. Spraying or dusting must be prompt to be effective and coincide with the right phase in the life history of the insect or plant disease. It must also be used on the part of the plant on which the insect feeds.

Indoors

As in most wars, the enemy attacks from within as well as without, and the home invasion is just as bad as that in the garden. Insecticides used inside are as important ammunition as those we use outside. Make every particle do its job.

Wasters from 'way back are the clothes moth and the carpet beetle. Now, however, every one of these pests living off good

wool is helping the Axis. The war can be waged the same way on both because they have the same eating habits. It's the larvae that do the damage. Kill them off in wool by washing in thick suds or dry cleaning. They can't stand sunning, airing, and brushing, either.

Even this care may not get rid of all the pests. Protect your vulnerables by storing with flake paradichlorobenzene. Use plenty to get results, for as this chemical evaporates it gives off a gas, which, if concentrated enough, kills the larvae.

For a small chest or trunk with a tight lid, 1 pound of flakes is the proper amount. In a large closet or storeroom use 1 pound to each 100 cubic feet of space. And be sure both chests and closets are closed tight. Leave no openings for larvae to wriggle through.

If you want to save what you have, and who doesn't these days, remember, garment bags are useful only when tight. Cedarized chests, bags, and closets, can't be depended on to kill moths or carpet beetles. Gadgets made to hang in closets you open and shut all the time are a waste of money.

The filth and disease carriers of the household pest group are the fly, mosquito, and cockroach. Fight the first two by keeping them out with efficient screens and by spraying. And be sure screen doors open out, not in. Spraying rules are three. Spray only when the doors and windows of a room are tightly closed. Don't overlook spaces under furniture, or the closets. To be sure the fumes do their work keep the room closed for a short time after spraying.

Food, book bindings, and fabrics are the prey of the cockroach and one of the best ways to prevent his damaging forays is fumigation by a professional fumigator. This is costly, however, and the relief often shortlived. Instead sprinkle with sodium fluoride powder along the backs of shelves and drain boards. Then fill up the cracks leading to their hiding places with putty, plastic wood, or plaster of paris.

Two other insects that are equally at home outdoors as in, are the flea and the ant. If Fido or Tabby have brought fleas into your living quarters, flaked naphthalene spread over the floor of an infested room at the rate of 5 pounds to a room will get rid of them for you. After spreading the flakes leave the room closed 48 hours.

Ants are a little more difficult to banish, for control centers on destroying the queen and the young in the nest itself. A table-spoon of carbon disulfide will do this for you, but take care, for this chemical is both explosive and inflammable. Inject the carbon disulfide by means of a small syringe when the nests are in the wood-work and close the opening with plastic wood or putty. When you see the ants and can't find their hiding place, baits, powders, or sprays spell good riddance.

Of all the household pests the bedbug is most nocturnal in his habits. This insect infests furniture, clothing, baggage, walls, and laundry, and is best disposed of by fumigation. This should be done by a professional fumigator working under a license issued by the local health department.



Collars for seedling cabbage plants are good cutworm protection. Here a young Victory Gardener lends a helping hand while his father adjusts one around a tiny plant they've just transplanted.



Bordeaux mixture is the spray this Maryland farm boy is learning how to mix for his Victory Garden from copper sulphate and lime. His grandfather is showing him the right way it's done

Shopping is war work now

New York's stores are billboarded with ceiling prices these days, besieged by housewives, and ruled by ration books. Philadelphia's stores are, too. So are stores in all the other cities.

It's all there, all the machinery for price control, and after many set-backs, it's beginning to roll along.

For the American people have waked up with a jolt to the dangers of inflation. From now till victory, the cost of living must not rise. And the American consumer and the American storekeeper, working with their Government, are the ones to see that it doesn't.

Plenty of housewives in New York have problems, brought on by rationing, brought on by black markets. But plenty of them are solving their problems with good old American ingenuity.

Mrs. James Hogan is one of them. She lives with her family in Knickerbocker Village, in the lower East side of New York City. The village, an immense modern housing project, provides homes for 1,600 families, who pay rent according to their income—and the rents are not low. It is surrounded by slums, and was built to clear away the old "Lung Block," notorious for its unhealthy atmosphere.

Mr. Hogan is a white-collar worker, and his income hasn't gone up the way incomes of many war workers have. He is employed by an insurance company, and his pay has never been high. But by clever management and close economy, the Hogans keep well-fed and healthy.

Somehow, Mrs. Hogan manages to get fresh vegetables, and to keep her food budget as low as \$15 to \$17 a week for herself, her husband and their three children: Joanna, 5, Betsy, 2½, and Jimmy, 1½. But it takes plenty of planning and budgeting and shopping. She used to do it on \$10 a week, but those days are over.

Mrs. Hogan buys inexpensive cuts of meat and stretches them into meat loaves by adding cornflakes, tomato soup, parsley, onions, celery, eggs, and whatever else she can find in the ice box that is suitable.

She uses margarine for both table and cooking purposes, and carefully saves all drippings from meat or bacon to stretch her red ration coupons.



Mrs. Sally Flaherty shops on the way home from the factory. She wishes shopping arrangements could be made for working wives. With meat rationing, there isn't enough meat for the family and Pooch too, so daughter Patricia feeds him prepared dog food.



City homemakers find themselves up in the front lines in the Nation's battle to keep prices down and combat black markets

She uses fresh vegetables whenever she can, buying those that are cheapest and in season. She serves most often beets, carrots, spinach, green beans, cabbage, and onions. Even when potatoes were scarce, Mrs. Hogan managed to get old ones at not too high a price, and mashed them and made them tasty with margarine and milk.

Most of the canned and processed food points in the Hogan ration books go for canned tomatoes. She uses them in countless dishes: for Spanish rice, for soup, for a vegetable, for meat loaf, for omelets. She uses quite a few points for fruit juices, too.

"Actually, I've never had a shortage of points," Mrs. Hogan said.

And her husband added: "What we sometimes have is a shortage of dollars."

Meals in the Hogan household are planned nutritionally. No pastries are bought; all desserts are home-made, and there are usually plenty of salads.

Breakfast consists chiefly of whole grain cereal, citrus fruit, milk, and toast. It costs about 43 cents for the five Hogans.

The children eat their main meal at noon. They have some sort of inexpensive meat, cleverly cooked to be tender and tasty; a green or yellow vegetable, and potatoes; custard or cooked fruit for dessert, home-made cookies, and as much milk as they want to drink.

In the evening, the grown-up Hogans have a similar meal. The whole thing totals about \$1.15. The children's supper includes eggs or soup or cereal, fruit, milk, and cookies. It costs about 48 cents.

Mrs. Hogan shops in the morning, when she can find a good selection. She buys staples and canned foods once a month, because it saves money and time to buy that way. She purchases her week's ration of meat in one large piece, if she can, and varies it over the meals.

The Hogans haven't noticed many violations of rationing, but some of their neighbors have. They've seen grocers sell cold cuts without asking for points for them. Many have to travel outside their own neighborhoods to find food at ceiling prices low enough to fit their budgets. All say they are spending more time on cooking and marketing.

The black market has spread to almost

every neighborhood, they complain. Ceiling prices are posted, but grocers and housewives too often wink at them. Those who do it aren't gangsters. They are—or were—descent Americans. But instead of using the machinery of price control and rationing, that was established to help them, they are falling into dangerous and destructive habits.

People who have time to shop around can find stores that keep to their ceiling prices. But women who work all day and shop on-the-run, have to take what they can get, at any price.

That's the charge of Mrs. Sally Flaherty of Brooklyn. Both she and her husband work in war plants—Jack Flaherty in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and Sally in the International Projector Co. Sally works 54 hours a week, averages \$51 with overtime. Her husband works the graveyard shift, earns \$1.26 an hour, and receives a pay envelope with \$50 or more in it.

"But we don't eat as well as we used to, when I was a waitress and cook," Mrs. Flaherty complained. "I don't have time to shop, for one thing, and when I reach the stores after I leave the factory, everything is picked over."

She used to have a set food budget of \$12 a week for Jack, herself, and their two girls, Joan, 11, and Patricia, 9. Now she can't keep track of her food budget, it jumps so from day to day. But she knows she pays more than the ceiling prices for veal cutlets, milk, vegetables, and eggs.

Shopper on the spot.

"I don't want to pay above the ceiling price, but I'm on the spot when I shop. If only something could be done to help us working women with our shopping. And if only women who have time to shop would insist on ceiling prices, or get receipts for what they buy and report to OPA when they are overcharged. It would help everybody."

She said the local of their union had the idea of trying to get women who stay home all day to do the shopping for the working women.

The Flaherty's have been putting 30 percent of their income into war bonds, and they don't want to cut down on it.

They've been making down-payments on a 5-acre place near Tuckerton, N. J., too. It has an eight-room house on it, some chicken coops, and a little ramshackle gas station.

"After the war, we want to go there," Mrs. Flaherty explained. "Name it 'Sally's and Jack's' and have a picnic grove. I could raise my own chickens and vegetables, and we'd have plenty of good fresh food to eat."

"But we're paying so much for food now, and living costs have gone up so, that we may not be able to meet the other payments on the place. We'd certainly hate to have to give it up. It's our plan for security in our old age, and in whatever is coming after the war."

Mrs. Harry J. Wilson, also of Brooklyn, has time enough to shop, but not enough money to buy the fresh fruits and vegetables and the meat and other foods her family needs.

Her husband joined the Navy 2 days after Pearl Harbor. His Navy pay, including family allotments for five children, amounts to \$44 a week. He is stationed in New York, and gets home every night to their cold-water, 5-room flat, for which they pay \$22 a month.

Many nights, he is forced to go out to a restaurant to get a nourishing meal.

Fresh vegetables were so high in her neighborhood when point rationing went in that she spent every ration point in the family on canned foods. She feels the supply of canned foods allowed under rationing will be ample, as the vegetable season comes on and she can afford to spread them with fresh things.

In Philadelphia, it was the same as in New York. Again, the story of food shortages. Again the people working long hours and having trouble finding time to shop. Again the story of black markets and disregarded ceiling prices.

Philadelphia is the second largest defense area in the country. Thirteen percent of the population is Negro, and many of them are working in war jobs.

Robert Lavins is one of them. He works in a shipyard as a welder on the graveyard shift from 5 p. m. till 2 or 3 in the morning. Eight months ago, he and his family lived partly on relief funds, partly on his small

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wages as a drugstore clerk. It all came to about \$30 a week.

They lived in an apartment in a low-rent housing project, the seven of them: Mrs. Lavins who is pert and small and no bigger than a child herself, and the five little Lavins: Kathleen, 7; Robert, 6; George, 5; Ronald, 2; and Dotty, 1.

They paid \$19 a month for rent, and their food bills came to about \$20 a week, or \$80 a month. That left about \$21 a month for clothes, insurance, medical bills, amusements, and incidentals. Which means they cut things mighty close.

Mr. Lavins earns \$50 a week now, as a welder. But Mrs. Lavins says it doesn't go any farther than the \$30 went. Their rent, which is computed in proportion to their income, has increased to \$35 a month. Their food bill has jumped to \$28 a week. And what with Mr. Lavins' insurance, and the 10 percent of his pay for Victory bonds, and the Victory stamps the children buy in school each week, there just isn't any more now than there was under relief.

"We're not complaining," Mrs. Lavins hastened to explain. "We'd rather be earning it than getting it on relief. But we sure do wish it would go farther."

Mrs. Lavins knows what to buy for that \$28 she spends on food each week. Cod-liver oil and oranges for the children every morning. They line up in the kitchen, first thing, to get it. Then breakfast of toast, cocoa made with whole milk, and cereal. Sometimes it's hot cereal, but the

kids like honey-coated prepared cereals best. Mrs. Lavins likes them, too, because they save on sugar, and five youngsters certainly can go through the sugar ration fast.

At noon, when the children come home for lunch, there is often hot noodle soup for them. Mrs. Lavins buys the dehydrated kind. It costs only 10 cents a box, 2 points, and 2 boxes will make a meal.

Sometimes she serves pancakes, made with enriched flour, milk, and eggs. They love pancakes. Or she serves bologna or cold meat sandwiches.

There is always cocoa or milk, and usually some dessert such as gelatine or pudding or fruit.

The family's main meal is put on the table about 3:30, when the children are home from school for the day, and just before Mr. Lavins leaves for work. Then there is meat, rice or potatoes, or peas or beans, and some sort of greens. They usually have carrot salad, because Mr. Lavins doesn't like whole raw carrots. His wife grates them, sweetens them with sugar, adds a dash of mayonnaise and piles them on lettuce.

Mrs. Lavins' brother told her about carrots. He's in the air force, a gunner in a bomber, and he told his sister that they fed him carrots so he could see better. Mr. Lavins' eyes have been bothering him since he worked nights, welding. So his wife began feeding him carrots regularly, and he doesn't complain any more.

For dessert, in this main meal, there is gelatine or cornstarch pudding, made from prepared mixtures, to save sugar. The children have milk or cocoa to drink, and Mr. and Mrs. Lavins have coffee.

Mrs. Lavins buys her canned and processed foods once a month, saving some points for emergencies. That way she can plan her meals around rationed foods.

She buys her meat supply once a week, usually in the form of a roast or half a ham. One ham she bought lasted a whole week. She baked it first, then cooked some of it with beans, then served it sliced for sandwiches, and when she got near the bone, she cut up what was left into little bits, mixed it with bread, onions, and mashed potatoes and fried it on a griddle in the form of round cakes.

"I find I can keep my bills down, if I do most of my shopping once a week," she said, "instead of sending Kathie out to the store for cold cuts every time I run out of meat. It takes planning, but I save.

"Even so, it's getting tougher and tougher to beat the rising food costs and we're glad the Government is trying to keep prices down. Why, one store I went to wanted 78 cents a pound for hamburger. Imagine that! I told the butcher it was an outrage, and he said, 'This is black market meat, and you have to pay for it.'

"Other living costs are going up, too. I used to buy sandals for the children for a dollar a pair. They don't require a ration



Mrs. Hogan fixes dinner for the three small Hogans, and watches vitamins as well as points. That's the way to keep 'em lively.



Dinner is served at various levels in the Hogan household, but all eat a well-balanced meal, inexpensive, yet tasteful.

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coupon, and now they cost \$3—just because they aren't rationed.

"Even the movies' admission prices have gone up. It used to be 11 cents; now it's 25 in the afternoon, and 30 cents at night.

"It's a good thing they started rationing when they did, because at least we'll be able to get necessities. I'd certainly wonder what we were fighting this war for, if only rich folks could get food, and poor folks like us couldn't get any. But with rationing, you feel the Government is looking out for you. Even President Roosevelt doesn't get any more points for food than we do.

"It isn't hard to figure out points. In fact, it's fun. It makes you feel as if housework is part of war, too.

"But I wish we didn't have to spend so much for food. We'd rather put that money into bonds. We want each of the children to have three \$50 bonds, by the time the war is over, so they'll have something for their education when they're older.

"I always wanted a sewing machine, because I make all the children's clothes, and my own, too. But I don't feel I should get it now, not while my brother is a gunner in a bomber. His plane was shot down in a battle overseas, and I don't feel I should buy a sewing machine. I feel I should buy bonds.

"We only allowed ourselves one luxury, when my husband started earning \$50 a week, and that's his 'vibes'."

She pointed to a beautiful instrument, a xylophone with a motor attachment that intensified the vibrations of the bars and produced an organ-like tone.

"He's always been crazy about 'vibes,'" she said, "and he always wanted to learn to play. He's teaching himself now in his spare time. It seems to soothe his nerves, after the sizzling noise of the welding machine all night. It does him good, and he figures after the war, if he can't get a welding job, maybe he'll be able to get entertaining jobs at night, playing his 'vibes'. He'll get his job back as clerk in the drugstore for the days, and maybe that way we'll be able to get along without going on relief again."

But Mr. Lavins is interested in welding, as well as vibraphones. He belongs to the Arco Club, a group of Negro welders, who are learning everything there is to know about welding.

The period after the war looks mighty uncertain to the Lavins, but they're not afraid to face it, so long as we win the war.

"I shudder to think of what would happen if we didn't win," said Mrs. Lavins. "When I see pictures of Hitler's refugees—women starving and their babies thin and hungry, I see myself and my own children, and pray it won't come here. I don't care so much about myself, but when you have children, you sort of hope they'll have a good world to grow up in, a place where they won't be slaves. You can

stand anything and sacrifice anything, just so long as you're free."

"... Just so long as you're free."

That's why we fight. That's why we buy war bonds. That's why we obey the air-raid signals.

That's why we battle high prices and black markets.

Because no amount of machinery or regulations will make bond sales or black-outs work, if public opinion isn't behind them, if people don't understand their significance.

And the same thing holds for price ceilings and rationing.

As long as housewives are willing to pay above ceiling prices to get all the meat they want, black markets will flourish.

As long as hoarders try to beat the ration, there will be unfair distribution.

That's why it's up to the housewives to fight in their kitchens and in their market places, to obey the rules themselves, and use the pressure of public opinion to get their neighbors to play fair, too.

There are ways to make rationing and price control work. In your community, you can get together with your neighbors and figure them out. You can organize committees to shop for working mothers. You can form consumer groups to study rationing and price control, and work with the Price Panel of your War Price and Ration Board.

"IT'S UP TO YOU!"



Mrs. Harry J. Wilson watches points and ceiling prices, and buys carefully to keep within her points-and-pennies budget.



Three war bonds for each youngster when the war ends, is the goal of Mr. and Mrs. Lavins. They want them to be healthy, too.

Canning in glass—summer of '43

Getting into the swing of the Nation's bumper home-canning season? Here are answers to 1943 canning questions

Let's suppose you've done a fine job with your Victory Garden. You've fertilized and watered. You've weeded and sprayed. And the vegetables are wonderful. "Garden fresh" has a new meaning for you, and "bumper crop" is the term proudly applied to the yield of your plot. But, friend, you've only just started. What about next winter when the garden is a memory and you're juggling those blue stamps? You'll be prouder than ever of your Victory Garden if some of it is "canned."

This year most of the "cans" will be glass. Furthermore the lids, caps, rubbers—"closures" to the experts—may not all be familiar to you. There'll be jars and jar tops, but sizes and types will be designed to save strategic materials.

You can't buy that old standby, the zinc cap. Jar rings are being made mostly from reclaimed rubber. Some rubber rings are being made to fit the jar top—some in the larger size that fits the jar shoulder. But before you line up your jars and tops and begin figuring on how many quarts of

this and that you're going to can, there are some important points to be settled.

First, what about a pressure cooker?

Remember, to can all the common vegetables except tomatoes safely you must process them in a steam pressure canner. This is the only way you can get temperatures high enough in a reasonable length of time to kill dangerous bacteria that may be in these nonacid foods. If these bacteria live, they can develop a poison in the canned food that can be fatal.

There will be 200,000 new pressure cookers available this season. However, don't think you can just walk in and buy one. They'll be rationed just as other scarce articles are. If you live in the country, apply to your county farm rationing board. If you live in the suburbs or the city, watch your local newspaper for announcement of special rationing committees being set up for this purpose. Here's a tip that will help in either case: Plan to use your cooker with your neighbors. Get them to apply with you.

You won't need the pressure cooker for

fruits and tomatoes because they are acid foods. They can be safely processed in a boiling water bath.

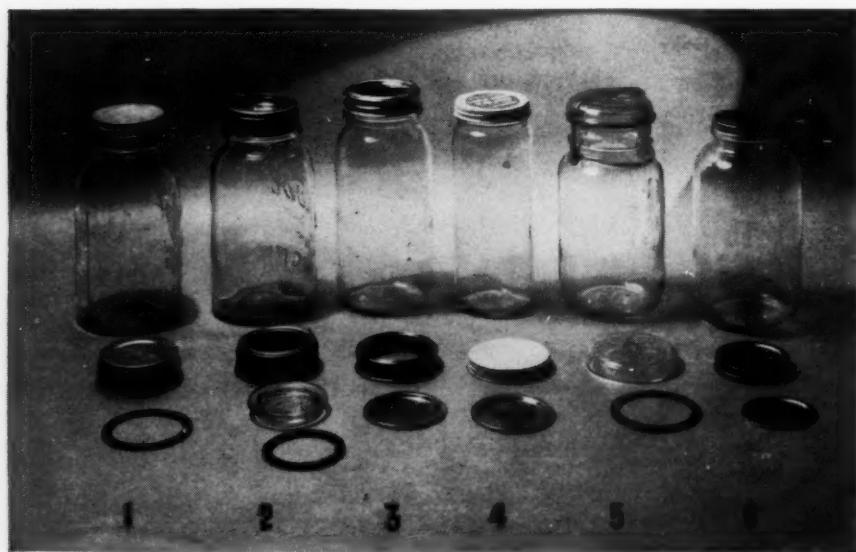
Naturally, changes in types of canning supplies call for some adjustments in canning routine. To help you get the best results . . . put up foods safely with no lost motion . . . the Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture has surveyed jars and closures on the market. Here is their summing up of main types of this season's supplies.

Glass jars

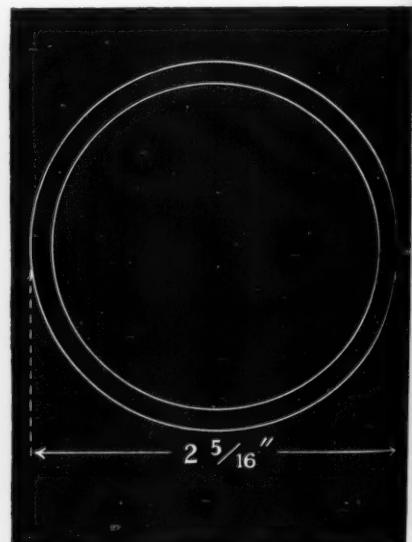
Use YOUR OLD ONES. Bring out every usable jar you have—from the cellar, closet, or shelf to use yourself or to share with the neighbors. These may be:

1. Old but sound glass jars used for home canning in years past. Discard all those with cracks, chips, or other defects that would prevent an airtight seal.

2. Some of the jars in which mayonnaise, coffee, and other commercial food products are sold. To be suitable for canning,



Closures for home canning. (1) Zinc top plus shoulder-seal rubber. (2) Metal screw band, glass disk, top-seal rubber. (3) Metal screw band and metal disk with flowed-on rubber. (4) Original metal screw top of jar and metal disk with flowed-on rubber. (5) Lightning top. (6) Original screw band from a "63" and a special disk with flowed-on rubber.



Actual size of the top of a "63" jar. Disks are being made to fit this size top now—to use with the original metal lid or one like it. This is a commercial jar size.

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these must be the kind that can be sealed airtight. They must be one of two sizes of jar mouths—the standard $2\frac{5}{8}$ -inch diameter or the $2\frac{1}{16}$ -inch diameter. (See illustration.) You will need to buy for the jars separate sealing pieces—metal disks for example, made to fit these sizes. Jars must either have a screw thread or lugs, which are a modified screw thread, over which a metal cap fits firmly. Along with the jars save the original caps or others like them to help make the seal.

Save all jars not suitable for home canning—for putting up preserves or other products that need only a paraffin seal.

NEW JARS this year will be pint and quart sizes and larger. Odd shapes are out. Buy only the jars you really need.

Closures

Round up all the old caps you have, too. Discard all that are cracked or bent. Generally, it is best not to use jar rings twice.

There are five main types of closures you'll be using this year.

1. Porcelain-lined zinc caps left over from last year, plus shoulder rubbers.

2. Other one-piece metal caps. Some of these have a top-seal rubber ring attached. Others take a shoulder ring.

3. Glass caps for lightning-type jars with a wire bail for adjusting the seal. Plus shoulder seal rubbers.

4. Two-piece metal caps. One piece is a metal disk with a flowed-on rubber compound. The other is a screw band.

More disks are being made than bands, because the bands may be used more than once. Also the disks may be used without the bands on commercial jars when the original cap is used for a band.

5. Three-piece glass and metal caps. One piece is a glass disk. The second, a metal screw band, the third, a top-seal rubber.

Matching jars and tops

It's easier to fit jars with closures if you sort jars first. Group them according to whether they have a shoulder or not—according to size of mouth—according to the width of thread.

Here are the kinds of tops that fit the five main types of jars you'll be using:

MASON JAR WITH SHOULDER, deep thread, standard mouth: (a) Zinc cap with shoulder-seal rubber. (b) Other metal one-piece caps, either with top-seal rubber attached—or with a shoulder-seal rubber. (c) Two-piece metal caps. (d) Three-piece metal and glass caps with separate top-seal rubber.

MASON JAR WITH NO SHOULDER, DEEP thread, standard mouth (some commercial jars are this type): (a) Two-piece metal cap. (b) Three-piece metal and glass cap. (c) If a commercial jar, you can use original lid plus a metal disk.

MASON JAR WITH NO SHOULDER, SHALLOW thread, standard mouth (commercial jar): Only cap you can use is the original lid or one like it plus a disk.

LIGHTNING JAR WITH WIRE BAIL, standard mouth. Only cap is glass plus rubber shoulder ring.

COMMERCIAL JAR with $2\frac{1}{16}$ -inch mouth diameter—a "63." Only cap to use is the original screw cap plus metal disk made especially to fit "63's."

When you use the new closures

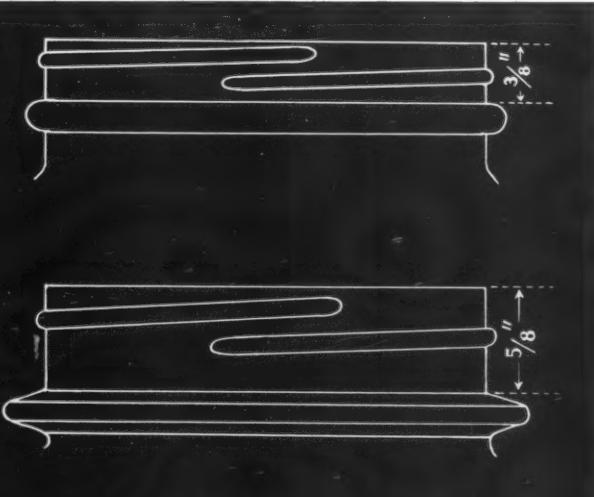
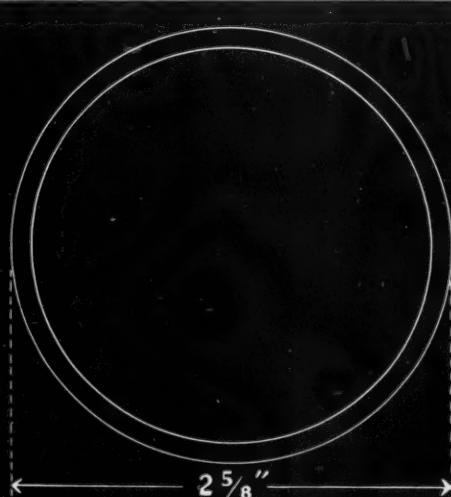
JAR RINGS. They are made of reclaimed rubber this year and need careful handling. Don't test them by stretching and put them on with as little of it as possible.

COMMERCIAL JARS. When you re-use the original caps for these, remove all the old paper lining or sealing compound in them. Cut and pry out paper liner. Boil a cap with sealing compound in it in water, then scrape.

Processing times, adjusting caps

Use times, temperatures and adjust caps as recommended by the Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics in "Wartime Canning of Fruits, Vegetables," free on request from the Office of Information, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Now, all you have to do is line up your jars, match the closures to them, arrange for the use of canning equipment, and gather in your Victory Garden harvest. And while you are doing it you can be happy that it's a real job for your family—and your country.



Use these patterns to help sort jars for fitting with caps. Left, standard-sized mouth for which most caps are made. To be usable, a commercial jar must have a mouth this size, or the "63" size shown on opposite page. Right, the two most common types of screw-on threads. Above, shallow-thread jar without shoulder. Below, deep-thread jar with shoulder. All three drawings are actual size.

Illustrations in this issue:

Cover, P 2, 3, Ewing Galloway, N. Y.; P 5, 6, 7, David Kent, Pulaski, Va.; P 8, cartoon courtesy Consumer's Union Reports; P 9 left, U.S.D.A. Information; right, Extension Service; P 10, N. Y. Post; P 12, left, N. Y. Post, right, Anthony Riccardi, Philadelphia, Pa.; P 13, Jack Manning, N. Y.; P 14, 15, Bureau of Home Economics, U.S.D.A.

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Consumers' guide

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